

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,  
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,  
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue  
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,  
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,  
In disadvantage, to abide a field,  
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name  
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.  
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,  
To hold your Honor more precise and nice  
With others, then with him. Let them alone:  
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.  
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,  
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)  
Haue talk'd of *Montmoith's* Graue.

*North.* Beshrew your heare,  
(Faile Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-fights,  
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,  
Or it will seeke me in another place,  
And finde me worse provided.

*Wife.* O flye to Scotland,  
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,  
Haue of their Puiſſance made a little taste.

*Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King,  
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,  
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,  
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,  
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:  
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,  
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,  
That it may grow, and grow, as high as Heauen,  
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde  
As with the Tyde, I will vp vnto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.  
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,  
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.  
I will resolue for Scotland: there am I,  
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

*1. Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-  
Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-  
Iohn.

*2. Drawer.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish  
of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five  
more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now  
take my leaue of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd  
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-  
got that.

*1. Drawer.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and  
see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse; *Mistis Teares*  
would faine haue some Mulique.

*2. Drawer.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master  
Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins,  
and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph*  
hath brought word.

*1. Drawer.* Then here will be old *Pistol*: it will be an ex-  
cellent stratagem.

*2. Drawer.* Hee see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*  
*Enter Hostesse, and Dol.*

*Host.* Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an ex-  
cellent good temperallie: your Pulſidge beates as ex-  
traordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour  
(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue  
drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous fear-  
ching Wine; and it perfumes the blood; ere wee can say  
what's this. How doe you now?

*Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.

*Host.* Why that was well said: A good heart's worth  
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

*Falst.* When *Arthur* first in Court—(emptie the Iordan)  
and was a worthy King: How now *Mistis Dol*?

*Host.* Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

*Falst.* So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,  
they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you  
giue me?

*Falst.* You make fat Rascalls, *Mistis Dol*.

*Dol.* I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make  
them, I make them not.

*Falst.* If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to  
make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch  
of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

*Dol.* I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

*Falst.* Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to  
serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come  
off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-  
rie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd Chambers  
brauely.

*Host.* Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer  
meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in  
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Torkes, you can-  
not one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the  
good-ye? One must beare, and that must bee you:  
you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier  
Vessell.

*Dol.* Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge  
full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture  
of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke  
better stuffe in the Hold. Come, he be friends with thee  
*Lacke*: Thou art going to the Warres; and whether I  
shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body  
cares.

Enter *Drawer*.

*Drawer.* Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would  
speake with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rascall; let him not  
come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in Eng-  
land.

*Host.* If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must  
liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am  
in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the  
doore, there comes no Swaggers here: I haue not  
liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the  
doore, I pray you.

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?

*Host.* Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes  
no Swaggers heere.

Falst. Do'st

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally (*Sir Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient  
Swaggerer comes not in my doores, I was before Master  
*Tisick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me,  
it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour  
*Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dambe*, our Minister, was by  
then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that  
are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now  
hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are  
an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take  
heed what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no  
swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You  
would bleſſe you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no  
Swaggers.

*Falst.* Hee's no Swaggerer (*Hostesse*): a tame Cheater,  
hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-  
hound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaric Henne, if  
her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call  
him vp (*Drawer*.)

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest  
man my house; nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag-  
gering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Peele  
Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you doe, *Hostesse*.

*Host.* Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Af-  
pen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggers.

Enter *Pistol*, and *Bardolph* and his Boy.

*Pist.* 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

*Falst.* Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge  
you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine  
*Hostesse*.

*Pist.* I will discharge vpon her (*Sir Iohn*) with two  
Bullets.

*Falst.* She is Pistoll-prooffe (*Sir*) you shall hardly of-  
fend her.

*Host.* Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I  
will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans  
pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you (*Mistis Dorothie*) I will charge  
you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorne you (scourie Companion)  
what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-  
Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for  
your Master.

*Pist.* I know you, *Mistis Dorothie*.

*Dol.* Away you Cur-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,  
away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie  
Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away  
you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale lugler, you.  
Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on  
your shoulder? much.

*Pist.* I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

*Host.* No, good Capitaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete  
Capitaine.

*Dol.* Capitaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater,  
art thou not ashamed to be call'd Capitaine? If Capitaines  
were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for ta-  
king their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.  
You a Capitaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore  
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Capitaine? hang  
him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd Prunes, and  
dry'd Cakes. A Capitaine? These Villaines will make  
the word Capitaine odious: Therefore Capitaines had  
need looke to it.

*Bard.* Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

*Falst.* Hearke thee hither, *Mistis Dol*.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I  
could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

*Page.* 'Pray thee goe downe.

*Pist.* Hee see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake,  
to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde  
also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe  
Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hwen* here?

*Host.* Good Capitaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late:  
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

*Pist.* These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-  
Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-  
not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and  
with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne  
them with King *Corberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall  
wee fall foule for Toyes?

*Host.* By my troth Capitaine, these are very bitter  
words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a  
Brawle anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like Dogges: giue Crownes like Pinnes:  
Haue we not *Hwen* here?

*Host.* On my word (Capitaine) there's none such here.  
What the good-ye, doe you thinke I would denye her?  
I pray be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*). Come,  
giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormenta, sperato me con-  
tente*. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:  
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there;  
Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* no-  
thing?

*Falst.* *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe; what? wee haue  
seene the seven Starres.

*Dol.* Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such  
a Fustian Rascall.

*Pist.* Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-  
way Nagges?

*Falst.* Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat  
shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee  
shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you downe stayres.

*Pist.* What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em-  
brew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull  
dayes: why then let grieuous, gaffly, gaping Wounds,  
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

*Host.* Here's good stuffe toward.

*Falst.* Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

*Dol.* I prethee *Lack*, I prethee doe not draw.

*Falst.* Get you downe stayres.

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping  
house, before Ile be in these tirrils, and frights. So: Mur-  
ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea-  
pons, put vp your naked Weapons.

*Dol.* I prethee *Lack* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,  
you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i'th' Groyn? me thought hee  
made a threwd thrust at your Belly.

*Falst.* Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

*Bard.* Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt  
him (*Sir*) in the shoulder.

*Falst.* A Rascall to braue me.

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,  
how thou sweart? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come  
on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou  
art